





The Woman in War Number of Life will be out next week.

American women have pushed forward on the battlefields of France and Belgium, covering themselves and their country with glory. In this country, not only since America got into the war, but long before that, they have been silently working with an astoundingly cumulative effect, until now they are a vast army, represented in every village and hamlet in every state in the Union. Read about them in next week's LIFE.

How to Address Mail

The department has frequently reminded the public that the mail addressed to members of the expeditionary forces should designate the division, the regiment, the company and the organization to which the addressee belongs, as "John Smith, Jr., Company X, ——— Infantry (giving the number of the Infantry), American Expeditionary Forces." The letter or parcel should also bear the return address of the sender and be properly stamped. For letters the postage is the domestic rate of two cents an ounce. For parcel post there is a flat rate of twelve cents a pound from any place within the United States, and the limit of weight for a parcel is twenty pounds. Money orders may be sent at domestic rates, and no money or valuables can be sent by registered mails. No C. O. D., insured or registered parcel-post packages can be sent.

—From the official Bulletin, Washington.

Life makes a good Christmas present. Soldiers like it.

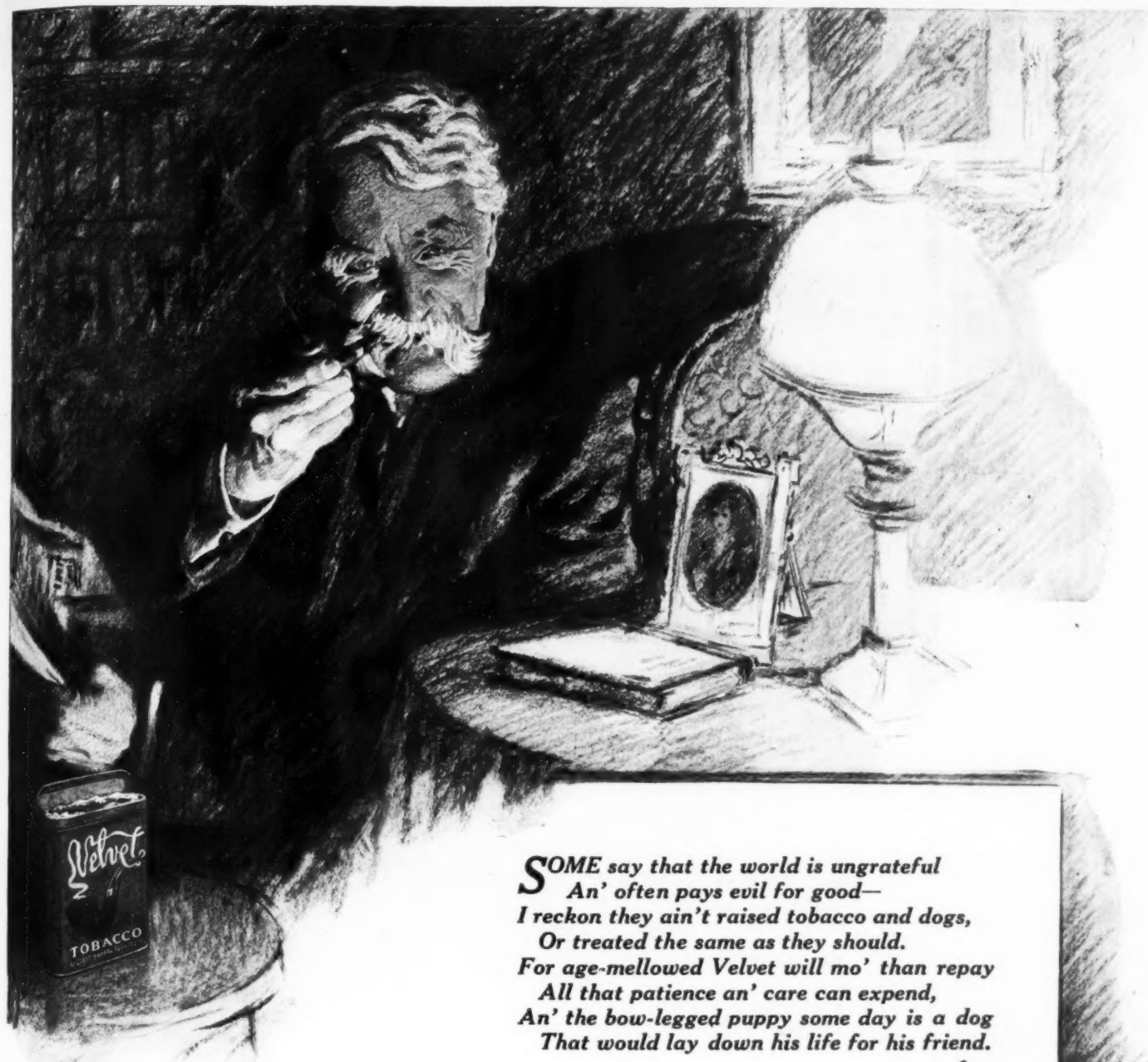
Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 14

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)



SOME say that the world is ungrateful
 An' often pays evil for good—
 I reckon they ain't raised tobacco and dogs,
 Or treated the same as they should.
 For age-mellowed Velvet will mo' than repay
 All that patience an' care can expend,
 An' the bow-legged puppy some day is a dog
 That would lay down his life for his friend.

Velvet Joe

TIME is money—two years that Velvet spends slowly ageing in huge wooden hogsheads represents a heavy expenditure. But how richly Nature repays that investment.

Those two years make Velvet mild and mellow, cool and smooth, and bring out the flavor of the rich Kentucky Burley tobacco to its utmost.

Fill your pipe with Velvet and let it prove what we can only tell.

Liggatt & Myers Tobacco Co.



The Benefits and Enjoyments of Silverware

ARISTOTLE said "that whenever you buy something it is because the benefit promises to be greater than the sacrifice"—and certainly that is true of silverware, which passes from one generation to another till the benefits of its use and enjoyment are out of all proportion to its original cost.



The Gorham Company

Silversmiths and Goldsmiths
New York

LIFE

The Toy Shop of Arras

NO more shall any little children
come
To linger lovingly about its store
Of motley joys: the wooden doll that
wore
A Zouave's martial mien; the scarlet
drum,
Which ragged peasant urchins yearned
to strum;
The shaggy, jointed, foreign Teddy-
bear;
The box that played "*Malbrook s'en
va-t-en guerre*";
The pasteboard bird that hid a sugar-
plum.

The shop is wrecked, its shutters fallen
in,
The little children far away have fled,
But still the old toy-maker, worn and
thin,
Gropes tenderly among his mimic
dead—
And soldiers, tramping through the
shell-torn dust,
Buy broken toys that he may earn a
crust.

Charlotte Becker.

Brain-Workers and Their Habitat

IN an Orange County jail, not long
ago, there was a New York inventor
whose friends were attempting to effect
his release. In the midst of their cam-
paign they were horrified to receive a
letter from the inventor stating that
the jail was the most restful place he
had found in years, and urging them
to let him alone in his new-found
happiness. Brain-workers too often in-
sist on living in cities for no reason
except that they have acquired the
habit. They attempt to work while
surrounded by noises of the most
nerve-wracking sort, chief among
which may be mentioned the cheery up-
roar of automobile cut-outs and sirens,
the mellifluous rattle of solid wheels
on cobblestones, the passionate wails



ANOTHER CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

of old-clothes men, the poignant shouts
of neighbors' children and the glad,
free crashing and banging of flat-
wheeled street cars. People who live
in cities when it isn't necessary for
them to do so should be sentenced to
jail every little while, so that they
might discover how delightful it is to
be freed from the turmoil that con-
stantly permeates our civic centres.

Kenneth L. Roberts.

High Scholar

"ISN'T Dasher a remarkably erudite
man?"

"Why, he even knows the second
verse of 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"

SPEAKING of food control, the milk
companies have the situation so
well in hand they can raise their prices
whenever they happen to feel like it.

University Rows

ANYONE who thinks it is a cinch to be a college president in time of controversy has not tried it.

College officers have somewhat more leisure than ordinary folks, and when they fight they give up time to it, and do it artfully and thoroughly, especially on the epistolary side.

President Wilson has been in some fairly difficult situations since he became President, and at times has been a mark for comment not all of which was flattering. But he has said that nothing that he has had to tackle as President of the United States has compared in strain with his great fight when he was president of Princeton.

A college president has a job not wholly unlike a bishop's. He is the leader, and in some respects the boss, of a lot of clergy who in other respects are independent citizens and entitled to views and the exposition of them. Every bishop has uneasy clergymen on his hands whom it is an anxious care to keep on their job. Almost every university president has difficult professors in his faculty whom it takes prayer and fasting to get along with. And as a diocese is a small place when measured by the sum of its church interests, so a university is a small place when measured by university interests. Fights in small places are the bitterest kind. Issues lose their proportions and seem enormous when they are really unimportant. Animositities are intimate and searching, and when the combat overflows into the newspapers, the celebrated siege of Troy has nothing on it for heat and animation.

In every issue of every newspaper that undertakes to print the news there is a lot that isn't so. But a large proportion of the news is true, and the paper serves its turn. Most of what we know about current affairs we get out of the newspapers, and we form an incorrigible habit of believing what we see in print. If we are fooled twice a week, we still believe what we read the other five days.

Newspapers are fallible enough about things in general,



Mother: YOU MUST NOT SCOLD HIM, SMITHKINS! THE LITTLE DARLING IS SO TEMPERAMENTAL.



HIS PATRON SAINT

but the general public knows more or less about things in general, and can check up and correct to some extent what is said about them. But about university affairs the general public knows nothing, and gulps down the newspaper account of a university row just as it is printed, and thinks it has got the news.

It does get something. It gets the surface facts of an occurrence, but it seldom learns what occurred. It thinks it knows what happened and why, and on what it thinks it knows it builds up theories of tyranny, and imagines characteristics and pins them to individuals. In order to sit on the bench in a university row one ought to know not only the facts of the dispute, but the personal qualities and past history of all the chief combatants. The general public never knows as much as that, because the newspapers never tell it. They get what they can and print it, and let it go at that.

Never form a judgment upon a university row on what the papers print about it. They will not mislead you intentionally, but they never tell the whole story. They may not even tell as much as they can get, for part of it may not be safe to print.

The men who do not get along in universities are apt to



Editor: LET'S SEE—WE HAVE SENT THAT PODUNK POETESS TWO CHECKS, TOTALLING FOUR DOLLARS AND SIXTY CENTS, I BELIEVE!

"YES, SIR."

"WELL, DON'T SEND HER ANY MORE. SHE HAS ALMOST ENOUGH NOW TO PAY HER FARE TO NEW YORK."

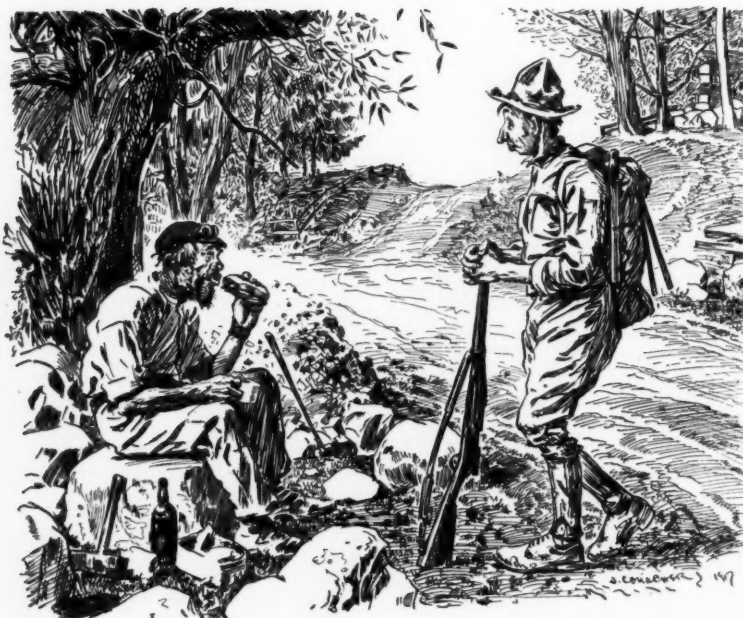
be men who do not get along outside of universities. Some university presidents are bullies and drive good men out of their faculties, just as some bishops are bullies and drive ability out of their dioceses. But usually presidents of considerable universities are able men, who want the ablest men procurable in their faculties, and know how to get along with them even when they are cranky.

Trustees are very much more fallible. They are usually lawyers, bankers, clergymen or business men, and not educators nor well versed in the etiquette of education. Perhaps they are a necessary evil. Universities have to be connected in some way with revenue, and as between trustees and state legislatures, faculties will usually prefer trustees. It may be trying to have trustees essay to determine what is truth and may be taught, but to have politicians do it is hell.

BEGGAR: Can I get a drink of water here?
GERMAN OFFICER: Poisoned or plain?

Two Business Failures

THE head of a department in a big business concern must produce the goods or get out. Otherwise the concern fails. Two department heads in one of the biggest business concerns in the world—a concern in which every man, woman and child in the United States is vitally interested—have fallen down on the job in a most lamentable manner. The concern is the United States Army. The two department heads are the Quartermaster General and the Chief of Ordnance. They, and they alone, are responsible for the clothing, the ordnance and the equipment needed by our armies; and at every cantonment in the United States there was, at the beginning of the second week in October, a staggering shortage of clothing, of ordnance and of equipment. Our soldiers lack blankets, overcoats, blouses, trousers and guns. They are drilling with broomsticks and wearing any old clothing that comes to hand.



The Straggler: SEEN A BATTALION PASS THIS WAY?

"A WOT?"

"A BATTALION — A THOUSAND MEN THAT LOOK JUST LIKE ME."

In the Vernacular

MOTHER tells me that I use entirely too much slang.

I deny the allegation.

That's all "bunk."

She says I should read history and classics all the time;

But I can't stand that dreary high-brow "junk."

When it comes to Aristotle, Plutarch and those "guys,"

How could I read them?

"For the love of Mike!"

To their "gift of gab" and faculty for "slinging ink" "I'm wise."

But if she don't "lay off me" soon I'll strike.

I shall say, "Now, mother, 'get me?' And I'll give you an 'earful.'"

If you don't "dry up" I'll "beat it" in a hurry.

When you say that I read 'low-brow' stuff entirely,

That's all 'bull.'

I've read Susan Lenox twice,

So 'I should worry.'

When you say your offspring uses slang

You're talking through your 'Knox.' Though I know some things I say are 'full of pep,'

All the 'wise guys' and the 'speed kings'

That travel with my 'gang'

Say I'm 'stupid like a fox.'

And that's some 'rep.'

"Things have changed since you were my age.

Let me 'slip it to you straight.'

I may not be 'hep' to things that you admire;

But you want to 'show some speed, old dear;

You're 'tripping on your beard.'

Compared to you a snail's a 'ball of fire.'

Now you know I'm 'nuts' about you, So don't let me 'get your goat,'

But just think this over when you 'hit the hay.'

If you don't 'take a brace,' dear,

You'll be 'sunk'; you'll 'miss the boat.'

I don't want those 'muts' to think that you're a 'jay.'

I don't 'hit the booze' or 'drag the weed,'

Or any of those 'things.'

Though I swing a very mean 'hoof,' you'll agree,
I'm 'daffy' over 'jaz' bands, and I am a movie 'bug,'
But outside of that you'll 'find no flies on me.'

"Now, sweetie, don't get 'sore at me' For all this 'line of talk' That I've added up and handed out to you.

You 'wished it on yourself' By telling me that I use slang. And, 'on the level,' I don't think I do."

Elsie Janis.

Statistics

TO find out when the war will end, consult astrologers and gypsies.

They may say wrong, but at least they give no statistics.

The forecaster who leans on statistics is not only lost, but tiresome.

PERSHING seems not enthusiastic for peace, unless it is the kind you get over the top.

Being a fighting man by profession, he ought not to be.

His job is to help win the war. The harder and more exclusively he works at it, the better for the peacemakers.

"PA, what is a practical economist?"

"A man who can get a dollar's worth of anything for a dollar, my son."



GETTING INTO THE SPIRIT OF THE THING



IN MITCHEL'S CORNER

May Have Been Mistaken

David Lawrence would not advertise the fact of a lack of co-operation between the American and British navies if the lack did not exist, and if he did not see helpfulness in bringing it to the public's attention.

—*Boston Advertiser.*

HE might. In a letter to the *Evening Post*, dated October 2nd, he imagined and advertised for Colonel House a company to gather information and data for the use of the American Commission to the Peace Conference (when there is one), that included Justice Brandeis, Mr. Root, Mr. Taft, Abram Elkus, Henry Morgenthau, Oscar Straus and "every statesman who is versed in European phases of international politics and familiar with America's traditional position therein."

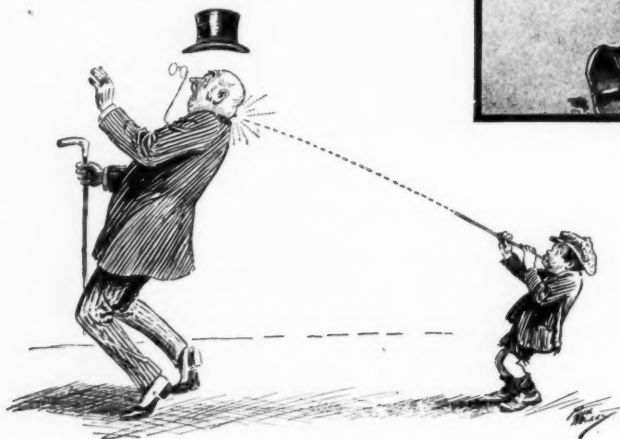
To be sure, his collection of information-gatherers was conjectural, but a gentleman so apt in conjecture and advertisement of it, and such a bad guesser, might have been practising this fascinating art when he gave out that there was lack of co-operation between the American and British navies.

"I WONDER what the German people think of raiding open cities."

"Oh, just what the Kaiser tells them to think about it."

TEACHER: Define camouflage.

STUDENT: Josephus Daniels as Secretary of the Navy.



LITTLE BOY BLEW



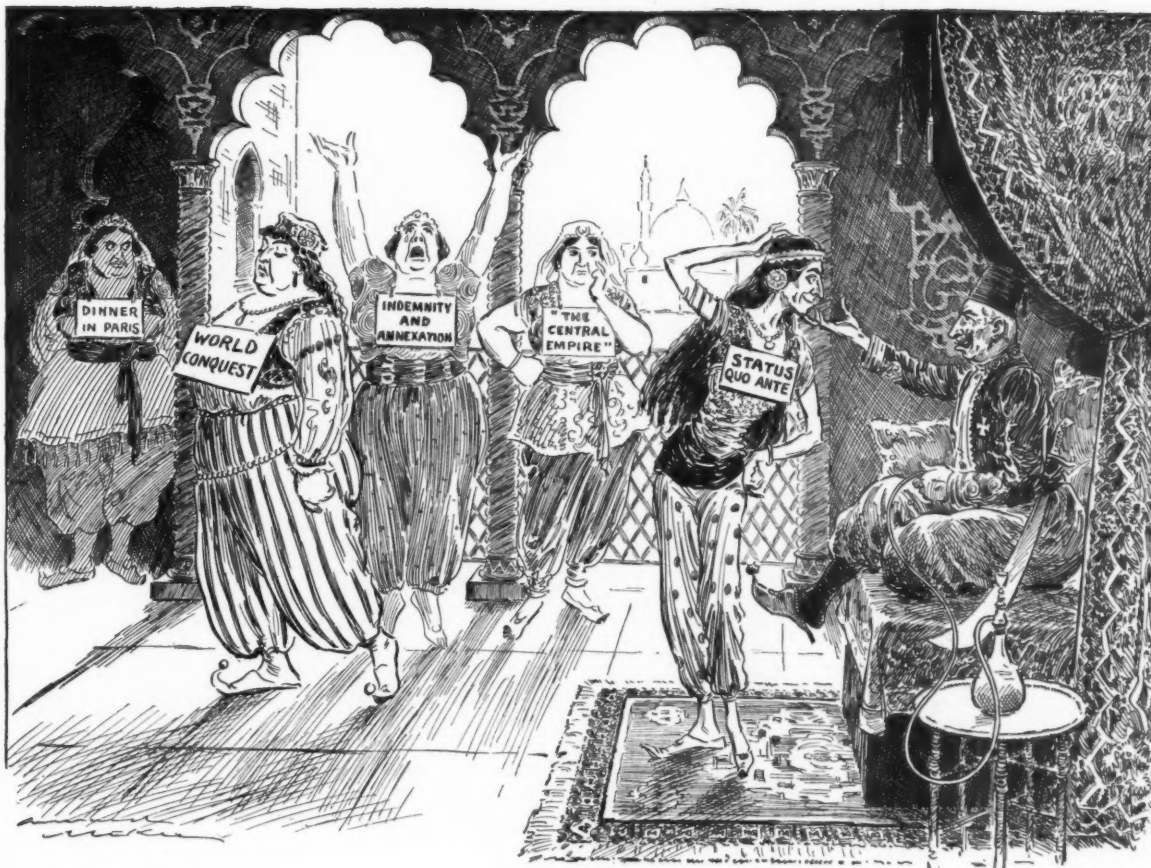
OLD KING COAL WAS A MERRY OLD SOUL

The "Less" Nation

THE super-efficient and sublimely ingenious Germans, having invented rubberless caoutchouc, foodless meals, conscienceless sailors, powerless majorities and traceless assassinations, seem now to have been devoting their entire attention to the production of honorless diplomats.

"**W**HAT'S a shadow Hun?"

"A man who is too foxy openly to champion Germany's cause and too disloyal to approve of America's."



THE NEW FAVORITE

A Primer for Unintelligent Voters

WHO is the Man?

He is a Po-lice-man. The Man has no Eyes.

Yes, he has, but he has Closed Them.

Why has he Closed Them?

Be-cause he is a Tam-man-y Po-lice-man.

Can I See a Tam-man-y Po-lice-man?

No.

Why Not?

Be-cause Mitch-el is May-or.

When can I See One?

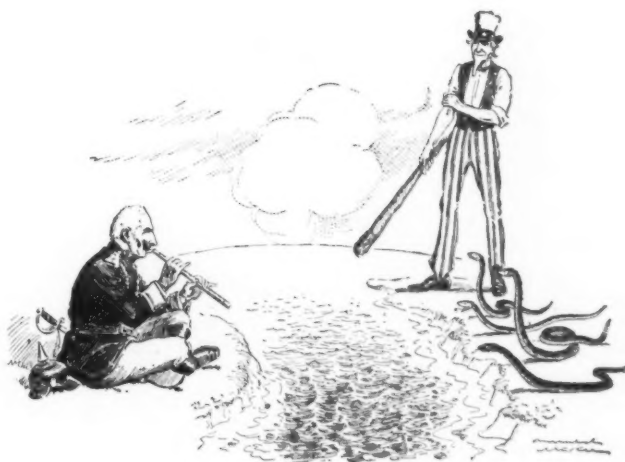
After New Year's, Per-haps.

Why Per-haps?

Be-cause Tam-man-y may not E-lect Hy-lan to be May-or.

"A WOUNDED German prisoner in England refused to go to a hospital."

"He knew that would be one of the first places bombed by the German raiders."



Sam: THANKS FOR MAKING THEM SHOW THEMSELVES!

Anecdotes of Great Men

Mr. Daniels and the Little Smith Girl

THIS circumstance was related by Mr. Josephus Daniels himself, who at one time was Secretary of the Navy under the celebrated Dr. Wilson. Mr. Daniels was engaged in the pastime of walking along the seashore, he said, when he met a little girl playing in the sand.

"Who am I?" asked Mr. Daniels pleasantly, naturally supposing that he was familiar to everyone of his day and generation.

"I cannot remember your name, sir," replied the little girl, "but when you go back to your job of getting rid of the best men, puttering about trifles and trying to get the credit for preparations which you have been forced into against your will, why, you might mention the fact that little Sadie Smith says you are the smallest man of your time."

"I was much struck by this observation," said Mr. Daniels, "coming from one apparently so young and innocent."

It Pleased Mr. Rockefeller

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER was once detained at a garage by a blown tire on his motor car, and the mechanic who was fixing it, being in somewhat of a loquacious mood, observed:

"Mr. Rockefeller, I understand that you are reputed to be the richest man of your time."

"I would scarcely say that," replied Mr. Rockefeller, greatly alarmed that the man might overcharge him.

"Well, sir," replied the man, "be that as it may, I should like to know how you came honestly by so much money, and whether you consider that your life has been a success, for I understand that you began it by a system of rebates and ended it by a system of restitution."

Mr. Rockefeller often repeated this remark to his children, saying that it served to illustrate the great truth that often men in the humblest walks of life were at times capable of startling sagacity.

Mr. Morgan's Wonderful Remark

SOMEONE once asked John Pierpont Morgan, second, son of the great financier, just how much he knew.

"I don't have to know anything," he replied with a bright smile. "I am wealthy."

This remark was received with great favor in financial circles where Mr. Morgan was known, and occasioned much favorable comment.

Mr. Munsey's Joke

MR. FRANK A. MUNSEY was a man much esteemed for his considerable abilities, albeit thought by some to display methods but too common, especially when advertising himself. Upon one occasion he purchased the New York Sun, a paper which formerly had a great reputation for its bright young men and its good English, and by much display and announcement made it much like himself. To such an extent was this done, that one day a lieutenant of



HIS "HYLAN" LASSIE

his, thinking to please this great man, remarked to him that he thought it might be a very excellent idea to change the name of the Sun and thereafter call it *The Munsey*. Whereupon Mr. Munsey merely smiled and retorted, quick as a flash:

"That would be a case of where a fool and his *Munsey* were soon parted."

Poignant Bits

PERFORMING dogs going through their clever antics on the stage with one eye on the whip back in the wings.

Recently captured arrivals at the Zoo, especially those of the lion and tiger class, with the amazed look still bright in eyes that face incomprehensible bars.

An old, hard-working country couple suddenly transferred to the luxury of the city to "enjoy themselves for the rest of their lives."

A wee, worn-out child at an evening entertainment after an extended downtown shopping expedition with its mother.

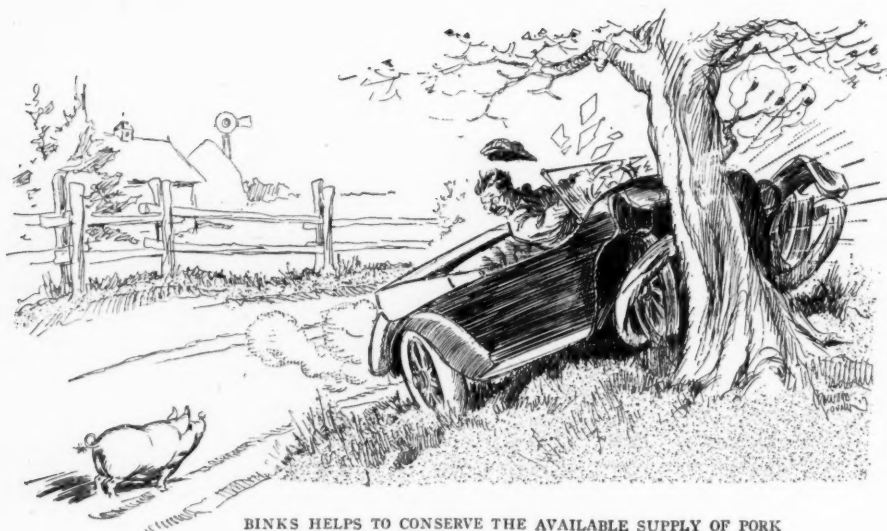
A wounded bird trying to escape from a hungry cat.

"Sammy" and his sweetheart on their farewell walk.

Grace G. Bostwick.



SOME (AS YET) UNTRIED WAYS OF WINNING THE VOTE



BINKS HELPS TO CONSERVE THE AVAILABLE SUPPLY OF PORK

The Mystery of a Dead Man's Trust

THERE is an unsolved mystery connected with a bequest of three hundred shares of the Gilbert Manufacturing Company disposed of under the will of the late Edwin H. Gilbert of Redding, Connecticut, and now in the hands of

DAVID H. MILLER of Georgetown, Connecticut;

DANIEL DAVENPORT of Bridgeport, Connecticut;

DR. R. W. LOWE of Ridgefield, Connecticut,

and certain employees and relatives of Mr. Miller as trustees.

The trust created by the will is based on this clause: "The dividends and income thereof to be used for the support and maintenance of the work carried on at said LIFE Farm," the reference being to LIFE's Fresh Air Farm at Branchville.

The "dividends and income" accrued on the stock which Mr Gilbert's will entrusted to the keeping of his friends has accumulated in their hands since December, 1910, and now amounts to considerably more than ten thousand dollars.

The health and safety of the poor children LIFE sends to the farm would be safeguarded by a considerable expenditure for improved sanitation and fireproof construction. LIFE's Fresh



PAUL GOULD

IF WE HAD BEEN BROUGHT UP TO WEAR THIS COSTUME AND NO OTHER,

Air Fund has made repeated requests and demands for the accumulated funds in the hands of the trustees to be expended for these and similar purposes.

The trustees still hang on to the money. Under the laws of the State



WOULD THERE BE AS MANY FIGURES LIKE THIS IN THE WORLD?

of Connecticut they cannot be compelled to release their strangle hold.

The mystery is, Why do they keep the money from the children? They are presumably reputable men, and the trust of their dead friend was a very simple one.

No Hope

"HAVE you ever smoked a cigarette?"

"No, sir."

"Have innuendoes become second-nature to you?"

"No, sir."

"Can you give a delicious little shiver?"

"N-no, sir."

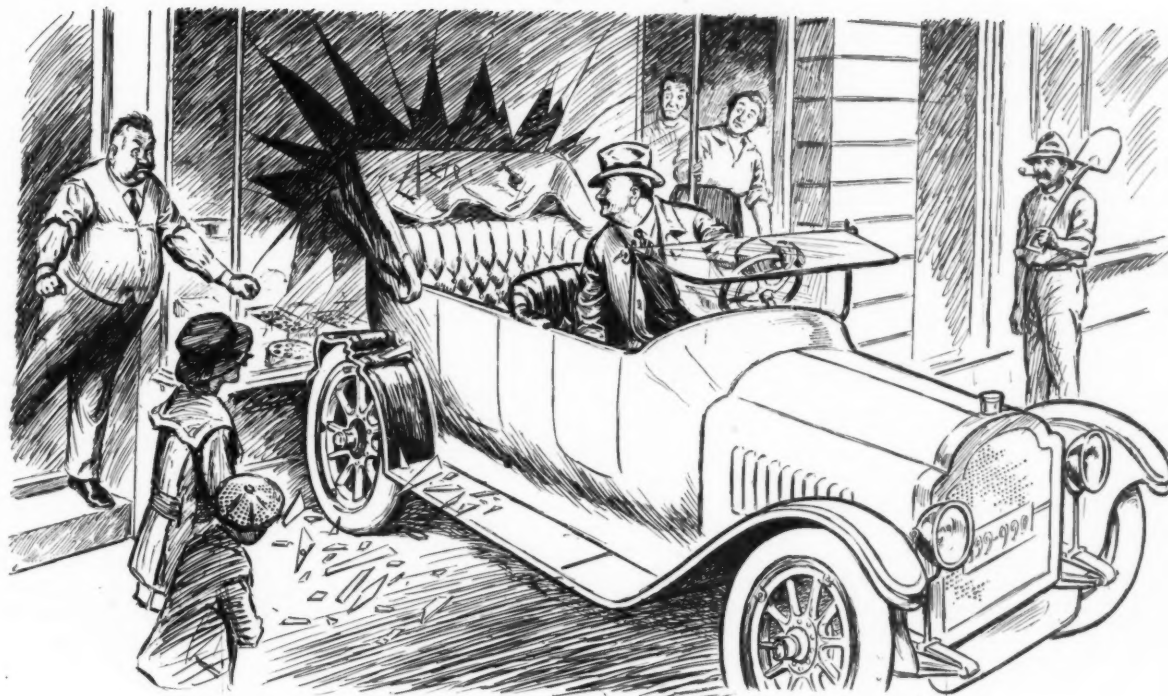
"Do your lips become tremulous, your soul come to your eyes, when stirred by the divine passion?"

"I—I am afraid not, sir."

"And do you put a gossamery bit of lace, faintly scented with a heart-quickenning perfume, to your eyes?"

"N-n-no, sir."

"Then we are both wasting time. You cannot be the heroine of any modern story."



The Beginner: WELL, ANYWAY, I KNOW NOW WHICH IS REVERSE

A Taste of What's Coming

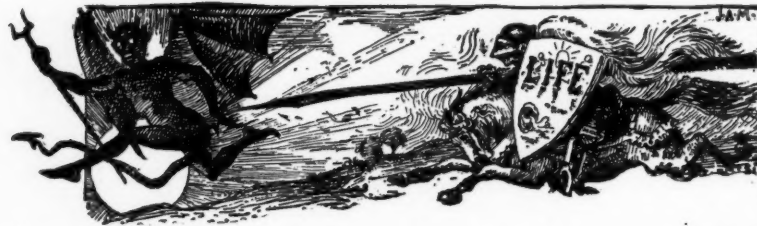
ACCORDING to Percival Phillips, the war correspondent, a Prussian officer captured at Lens stated that the German troops at Lens had been given so much of their own poison gas medicine, and had suffered from it to such an extent, that they would willingly crucify the man who invented it. After the war, when Germans begin to travel around among civilized peoples again, they will find that the physical sufferings which the poison gas inflicted will be as nothing compared with the mental sufferings which various other German "inventions" will cause them. Millions of Germans as yet unborn will live to rue the days that led their ancestors to kill and mutilate women and children, regard treaties as scraps of paper, sink neutral vessels, subject prisoners of war to inhuman treatment, lay waste the fields of France and Belgium, and send their diplomatic snakes and professional debauchers to instil the poison of sedition, murder and treachery among simple and honest people. There will be a lot of Germans in line for crucifixion in the years to come, if their suffering descendants have anything to say about it.

Kenneth L. Roberts.



THE 20th CENTURY GIRL
HER FIRST CIGAR

"HOW did Jenks acquire his military bearing?"
"As model for the Dresswell Clothes for Men Company."



NOVEMBER 1, 1917

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 70
No. 1827

Published by

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A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

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English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.



THERE is convenience and also inconvenience about having so many voters of so many different kinds of aspiration in New York. When you have a good candidate running for mayor, and would have him be all things to all men, it is inconvenient to meet such varied discrepancies of expectation. But when four candidates are running and only one is desirable, it is convenient to have the backing of the other three effectively distributed.

So far as appears on the surface of things, Hylan does not look good to Hillquit's followers, nor Hillquit to Hylan's. Bennett, whose ruling purpose seems to be to beat Mitchel, might throw his votes, if he could, to whichever other candidate seemed stronger, and preferably to Hylan. But can he? The masters of political strategy who instruct us in the newspapers do not intimate that Bennett can give Hylan many Republican votes. So then if Hylan gets the Tammany support, and Hillquit the Socialists, pro-German and anti-war people, and Bennett the Republican sheep, Mitchel may get enough good-government votes to win.

Mr. Morgenthau thinks he will. Mr. Morgenthau is thought to be a good judge of New York voters, especially Jews. He says New York contains 112,000 Jewish voters, of whom Hillquit will get 60,000, and the rest will be divided among the other three can-

didates. Of the total 670,000 votes, he gives Tammany 220,000, Hillquit 130,000 and Bennett 60,000, which leaves 260,000 for Mitchel. He says the fight is between Mitchel and Hylan, and that Mitchel is the second choice of most of the Bennett, and most of the Hillquit, men. So that if some of them conclude not to waste their votes Mitchel will get many more of them than Hylan does. So Mr. Morgenthau thinks Mitchel will have from thirty-five to eighty thousand plurality.

Let us keep tab on these figures, and if Mr. Morgenthau turns out to be a good guesser on public events we can take him aside and ask him how many troops we have in France now and when the war will end.



TAMMANY has sometimes nominated fairly good candidates for mayor and elected them, and then got hardly enough out of them to pay for the trouble. So it was in Mayor Gaynor's case, and a good deal so with Colonel McClellan. This time Murphy has avoided that mistake. Hylan seems to be a man after Tammany's heart, and if he can be elected Tammany will get something.

So will Hearst. Heaven knows what William wants, except to gratify his spites, but if Hylan is elected he will be entitled to claim it, and nothing that has transpired in the campaign discourages the expectation that Hylan

will settle as nearly in full as he can with all his supporters.

The inspired riots of school children against the Gary system is the most discreditable detail of the campaign. The Gary system may be better than the old system or it may be worse, it may be a useful temporary expedient to tide over the shortage of school buildings or it may not, but the rioting of school children against it has nothing to do with its merits or its faults, but is a disreputable political manoeuvre.

The whole Hylan campaign has emphasized the unfitness of the Tammany candidate to be mayor of New York, but a mayor who is unfit to be mayor is precisely what Tammany wants.

A considerable majority of the voters of New York seem to want a man for mayor who is unfit to be mayor. What favors Mr. Mitchel is that they cannot agree on any common unfit candidate. It is a case of confusion against Fusion, and that makes one hopeful that Mr. Morgenthau's forecast will come true.



MEANWHILE, the chief news in the papers is the progress of the Liberty Loan, which has, at this writing, a week left in which to complete itself. The rub-a-dub about it is tremendous. In the last five years in this country the science of getting money out of people has been carried to a remarkable pitch of perfection, and all that is known about it has been used to make this loan succeed.

It must succeed, and of course it will. The chief machinery for supplying money is in the banks, and when all the loose cash has been gathered in, somehow the banks will have to supply the rest.

If people more generally understood the art of borrowing on securities to buy bonds, these government loan jobs would not come so hard. To borrow on securities to buy mining stocks, or almost any other stocks just now, is a more or less hazardous operation, proper to be left to speculative persons whose concern is for their own profit,



THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

and who are game to stand incidental losses, but to borrow to buy government bonds is about as safe an expression of patriotism as one could desire. You give the bank your promise to pay and buy the government's promise to pay you, which the banks, as a rule, will take cheerfully as security for most of your loan. Then you pay on your loan what you can, as you can, and save the money to do it.

Few people would borrow money of a bank to buy Liberty Bonds in expectation of a profit on the operation, but many people would do it, and meet a moderate loss of interest, to help the war, if they knew that they could, and knew how.



COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S disclosure that he has only one eye that is useful for purposes of vision is a warning to us all not to spar with glasses on, even though we need the exercise. Dodging motor-cars is almost enough exercise in these days to keep a man of presidential age in reasonable health.

On the whole, the Colonel is lucky that his impetuous pursuit of the strenuous life has not damaged him more

than it has. We do not know the percentage of athletic gentlemen of mature years and sporting experience who have been rejected by the army because too much damaged in wind or limb for military service, but it is high. The Colonel would hardly be accepted for enlistment, even though his years were less, but now that he has found the front in Kansas City, we have almost daily evidence that his pugnacious energy is unimpaired.



AN advertisement that occupies a large space in the papers is headed, "A Message from the President of the United States to You," and contains a letter dated October 13th, which reads:

May I not express to you my very deep interest in the campaign in New York for the adoption of Woman Suffrage, and may I not say that I hope that no voter will be influenced in his decision with regard to this great matter by anything the so-called pickets may have done here in Washington?

The letter is signed Woodrow Wilson.

For our part, the President has our full permission, as desired, to express his deep interest in the Woman Suffrage campaign and to say that he hopes nobody will be prejudiced against suffrage by what those Washington pickets did. He need not have asked leave. He is as free an agent in such matters as though he did not hold office.

This much can be said for the vote on suffrage that will be cast here next Tuesday, that that is the way to do it. The place to settle suffrage for New York is at the polls in New York, and not in Congress. Mr. Wilson agrees to that, and he is right.

Neither should the suffrage cause be damaged more than is inevitable by the antics of those women in Washington. A certain proportion of women will lose their bearings and temper and cut up, as those picketers did, but the mass of women are not going crazy, whether they have votes or not.



A Losing Race



A Losing Race



Mostly Girls and Gorgeousness

IF that is the sort of thing you like, you will like "Doing Our Bit" at the Winter Garden very much indeed. Merely to use the words Winter Garden is descriptive in advance. The recipe is familiar. Take a large quantity of pretty girls, just a suspicion of costume, but gorgeous what there is of it, mix thoroughly with dancing and light music of the latest Broadway vintage, scatter through it a few alleged comedians, and then serve in a rapid succession of elaborate scenic settings. This has never been known to fail to please the appetite of the tired business man.

"Doing Our Bit" follows the Winter Garden formula with fidelity. The girls are quite as numerous, pretty and shapely as ever, the undressing is quite as gorgeous, the music is cheery, but with no striking numbers; the minor comedians are as unfunny as usual, but with a strong brake on their tendency to be vulgar, and gorgeous scenes follow

one another in profusion, the climax being a stirring one representing the disembarkation of our soldiers in France.

The new Winter Garden show is up to the standard. It is not meant for highbrows, but this, of course, will not discourage the t. b. m.



THE same formula might almost fit "Jack o' Lantern," but that entertainment centres about the personality of Mr. Fred Stone. The elaborate gathering of girls, costumes, music and scenery this time is only a background for one of New York's most popular comic stars. It is not meant that these particulars are neglected, for they are a very important part of the show, some of the settings being unusually attractive, notably one in candy land with a ballet of candy ladies to emphasize the present high cost of sweets.

Interest naturally centres in the work of Mr. Fred Stone and a comparison with his previous performances. It would be too much to expect that he should be as funny as he was in "Chin Chin," and in fact he isn't quite up to that high mark of fun-making. It is not for lack of endeavor, though, for if ever a comedian worked harder, more continually and more conscientiously than he does in "Jack o' Lantern," it isn't a matter of record. It is only by comparison with himself that he suffers, for he makes enough laughs to build the reputations of two or three less noted comedians.

"Jack o' Lantern" is an attractive entertainment of its kind, and will keep up the Globe's record for long runs.

HATS off to Messrs. Elliott, Comstock and Gest. They said they would start their big production of "Chu Chin Chow" promptly at eight o'clock, and *they did*. It was a little bit hard on the theatregoers who had been so often fooled by



SOMEWHERE IN PARIS

THE PHRASE BOOK

similar emphatic statements of other managers, and who on this occasion were kept standing at the back of the theatre until the end of the first scene, but it shows that a managerial promise can be kept.

"Chu Chin Chow" is our old friend "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" in a new version and a specially gorgeous setting. Everything about it is in the exaggerated Orientalism made conventional by Rinehart's productions. This means a riot of color and all sorts of absurdities of form in costumes and settings, but in the present instance means also some highly novel and picturesque Oriental street scenes, to which the big stage of the Manhattan gives ample space. The literature of the piece is reminiscent of English pantomime, and the music, when not of the same school, is Anglo-Oriental. In the large cast are found the names of Florence Reed, Kate Condon and Messrs. Tyone Power and Henry Dixey.

Vampires' Union, No. 6, and the lower East Side have been heavily drawn on for voluptuous-eyed beauties of the Orient, and the management has apparently taken a long chance with the box office in equipping them and everyone on the stage in gorgeous apparel. The result is an unusually entertaining large-scale spectacle which will doubtless become a standing attraction of the season.

THE spectacular gorgeousness and elaborate staging of these big entertainments make a legitimate little light comedy like "Romance and Arabella" seem by contrast rather a puny

undertaking. It lies, in fact, in a far more difficult field than the other in which to achieve success from the intellectual and finer artistic point of view. The author and artists have to appeal to a far more critical public, and the means at their command are far more limited. The distance between failure and moderate or complete success is a short one, particularly in the view of a fickle and sated public like that of New York today. Mr. Hurlbut's accomplishment with "Romance and Arabella" falls pretty far short of being satisfactory.

THERE is a medical treatment which consists in curing over-active nerves and muscles through tiring them out by keeping them continuously occupied. This is the treatment applied to the over-active affections of *Arabella Cadenhouse* by the most level-headed of her suitors. He recognized her irresistible tendency to fall temporarily in love with one man after another, and, when he saw any likelihood of the condition becoming permanent, he promptly supplied a new ob-

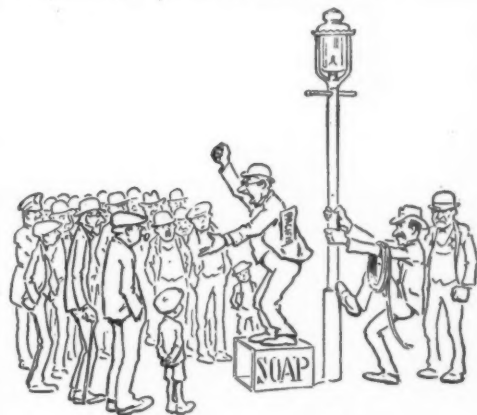
ject, with the outcome that he became the young woman's final choice by tiring out her fickleness. This was the text for an admirable play, but Mr. Hurlbut failed in humorous resources of the higher sort and let his incidents drop into low comedy.

Laura Hope Crews is a delightful comedienne, but the part of the heroine spread out beyond even her abilities. In the more subtle scenes there was no question of her effectiveness, but when the author carried her into the realm of the almost grotesque she failed with him in carrying the audience. The other members of the cast are well chosen, but more than usually merely "feeders" of the star. Among them Mr. Alfred Lunt gave a good character study of the male denizen of Greenwich Village. The play is delightfully staged by Mr. George Foster Platt, and the settings are quite out of the ordinary, with some valuable hints as to novel interior decoration.

There is something about "Romance and Arabella" that suggests to our prophetic soul something about that pathetic little grave of the amiable child up at Claremont.

Metcalfe.

A Remedy for the Soap-Box Traitor



Plymouth.—Last week of "A Successful Calamity" with Mr. William Gillette. Agreeable and well acted little comedy of New York domestic life.
Princess.—"Oh, Boy." Girls and music in a light but diverting farcical comedy.
Republic.—Closed.
Shubert.—"Maytime." Musical play of real class, very well staged and performed.
Thirty-ninth Street.—Mr. William Faversham in "The Old Country," by Mr. Dion Calthrop. Notice later.
Winter Garden.—"Doing Our Bit." See above.

Confidential Guide

Astor.—"The Very Idea." The notion of having a eugenic baby laughably exploited in farce form.

Belasco.—"Polly with a Past." Ina Claire successfully doing a legitimate part in a clever and well staged comedy.

Bijou.—"The Torch," by M. Henri Bataille. Notice later.

Booth.—"The Masquerader" with Mr. Guy Bates Post. Drama of a doubled personality. Well played, but not entirely convincing.

Broadhurst.—Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Misalliance." A too-muchness of the author's clever talk well presented in alleged drama.

Casino.—"Furs and Frills." An unsuccessful farce turned into a diverting girl-and-music show.

Century.—"Miss 1917." Notice later.

Cohan and Harris.—"A Tailor-Made Man." Laughable and well played comedy based on the misadventures of a suit of evening clothes.

Comedy.—"The Washington Square Players." Notice later.

Cort.—"De Luxe Annie." Crime and amnesia mingled in an amusing mystery play.

Criterion.—"Anthony in Wonderland" with Mr. Henry Miller. Notice later.

Eltinge.—"Business Before Pleasure." Laughable setting forth of the further adventures of Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter in the moving-picture business.

Empire.—"Rambler Rose" with Julia Sanderson and Mr. Joseph Cawthorn. Girl-and-music show of the usual type, pleasantly done.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Hitchy Koo" and Mr. Raymond Hitchcock. The star at his funniest with an elaborate girl-and-music show to back him up.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Peter Ibbetson." Strong cast in a satisfactory stage version of Du Maurier's dream story.

Fulton.—"The Claim," by Messrs. Charles Kenyon and Frank Dare. Thoroughly interesting and well acted mining-camp drama.

Gaiety.—"The Country Cousin," by Messrs. Booth Tarkington and Julian Street. Another demonstration, in fairly interesting form, that you will find only vice in city folks and virtue in country folks.

Garrick.—Closed until its opening as the "Theatre du Vieux Colombier."

Globe.—"Jack o' Lantern" with Mr. Fred Stone. See above.

Harris.—"Romance and Arabella," by Mr. William Hurlbut, with Laura Hope Crews. See above.

Hippodrome.—"Cheer Up." The usual big show, full of fun and patriotism.

Hudson.—"The Rescuing Angel" with Billie Burke. Light and frothy comedy with the star as charming as ever.

Knickerbocker.—Mr. George Arliss in "Hamilton." A play interesting in its historical setting, with the star not entirely successful in reproducing its hero.

Liberty.—"Out There," by Mr. Hartley Manners. Laurette Taylor as a charming recruiting agent in a clever war comedy.

Longacre.—"Leave It to Jane." "The College Widow" in agreeable musical form, but not so funny as the original.

Lyceum.—"Tiger Rose." The Canadian Northwest made the picturesque background of a well staged but not strikingly original melodrama.

Lyric.—Moving pictures.

Manhattan Opera House.—"Chu Chin Chow." See above.

Marine Elliott's.—Marjorie Rambeau in "The Eyes of Youth." Interesting play with a novel theme, and very well acted.

Morisco.—"Lombardi, Ltd.," by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton. Life in fashionable dressmaking circles, well staged and showing that, shallow as it is, it may have sentimental episodes.

Playhouse.—Grace George in "Eve's Daughter." The star's abilities not at their greatest in personifying a heroine who almost went to perdition, but didn't.

Things That Won't Be Seen Through the Largest Telescope

The world's largest telescope is being erected on Mt. Wilson, California.—*News despatch.*

A WOMAN who doesn't knit.
Good sense in La Follette's utterances.

General von Kluck.

The green powder that was going to make two-cent gasoline.

What the Germans are fighting for.

A French Cabinet that won't fall to pieces.

A box of Japanese safety matches that doesn't spill matches in one's pocket.

A sample of German secret diplomacy that is either secret or diplomatic.

An issue of LIFE that doesn't anger someone.

The Crown Prince earning a decoration.

Somebody that the Germans don't hate.

A golf player who doesn't tell you what his score would have been if he hadn't missed those short putts.

AN investment—a successful speculation.

A speculation—an unsuccessful investment.



"AW! HE'S KIDDIN' YOU, BILL—THAT AIN'T THE CROWN PRINCE"



THE AGNOSTIC



Supreme Gotham

SOME people having disputed the supremacy of New York, we have taken the trouble to gather the following statistics and facts, which speak for themselves:

In New York you can fall off more high buildings and fall farther than in any other city in the world.

In New York you can pay more for half portions, listen to more varieties

of music, and drink more beer in a given time, than in any town in Germany.

The total number of columns of scandals and murders in the New York papers in one week, if placed end on end, would reach from the Capitol at Washington to the Albany State House.

The total number of insults offered by custom house officers and conductors is four times the square root of the replies given in any other ten cities of the country.

The after-dinner speakers of New York, joined hand in hand, would form a complete circle around St. Peter's Church in Rome.

It has been estimated that the total number of practically half-naked women walking on the avenues in New York exceeds the population of the Samoan Islands by three thousand and eighty-four.



THE WILLOWBYS' WARD. 22

UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE MUSIC THE WILLOWBYS PROVE THAT ONE IS ONLY AS OLD
AS ONE FEELS



THE FIRST YEAR WAS LEAP YEAR

U. S.

What the Letters Signify

TO England: Unsheathed Sabre.
To France: Undaunted Samaritan.
To Belgium: Ultimate Savior.
To Germany: Ugly Serpent.
To Austria-Hungary: Ulterior Shrewdness.
To Turkey: Uncivilized Swine.
To the German-American press: Underhand Sedition.
To Senator La Follette: Unbounded Self-love.
To Senator Stone: Utter Stupidity.
To Secretary Baker: Unassailable Security.
To Secretary Daniels: Unequaled Seamen.
To all good citizens: Unflinching Service.
To Father Time: Umpire Supreme.

Kneeling Children of France

DEAR little sad-eyed children of France,
Once on a time, when the world was gay,
In the streets of Paris you danced and sang.
God grant you again a happy day,
Sad little children of France.

Wan little weary-eyed children of France,
In the streets of Paris you knelt to-day,
Knelt at the sight of a succoring flag,
Knelt in the streets where you used to play,
Heart-broken children of France.

We are thinking to-day of the long ago,
Kneeling children, beyond the sea,
When your fathers came, with hearts aflame,
To us, in the name of liberty,
Fatherless children of France.

Fair by the side of the Red, White and Blue
The Stars and the Stripes in your streets are a-blow!
Never so beautiful, now they glow
In the name of that help of the long ago,
Kneeling babies of France.

You knelt in your streets as our flag went by—
Our flag with a glory strangely new.
The stars of heaven gleamed in its folds,
Strewn but to-day in that field of blue,
For you, O children of France!

Dear little war-smitten children of France,
In our hearts is a prayer as the flag goes by—
For the flag we have vowed to a glorious quest,
For the flag aflame on a far-away sky,
For God—and the babies of France.

Gertrude Robinson.

For Their Stockings, If They Have Any



RAYMOND MARTIN,
BABY 279

LIFE has not yet received from Paris the names of the committee who will purchase and distribute the Christmas gifts for our almost eighteen hundred babies. It will be composed of eminent French and Americans resident in Paris, and we have no doubt their work will be done with devotion and enthusiasm.

We are sorry we cannot accept material gifts for forwarding. The red tape and expense involved, together with the uncertainty of delivery, make even a small gift of money a more practical way of evincing American interest in the children.

To equip Uncle Sam as an American Santa Claus for the French orphans we have received from

Russian Bank, San Francisco.....	\$200
Louise Clark Whitaker, Wheeling, W. Va.....	10
G. A. W., Buffalo, N. Y.....	10
	\$220

For the main fund which maintains the babies in their mothers' care for two years we have received \$132,168.25, from which we have remitted to Paris 744,984.95 francs.

A contribution of seventy-three dollars provides that for two years a destitute French child, orphaned by the war, will be kept with its mother or relatives instead of being sent to a public institution, where its chances of survival are less than in a family environment. During this critical period in the child's life its welfare is looked after and the funds disbursed by "The Fatherless Children of France," an organization officered by eminent French men and women. The Society has committees in every part of France, who keep in touch with the children and supervise details of management. Contributions of less than seventy-three dollars are combined until they amount to the larger sum.

Checks should be made payable to the order of LIFE Publishing Company.

We gratefully acknowledge from

Henry H. Corson, 3d, Rio de Janeiro, South America, for Baby No. 1768.....	\$73
"A Friend," for Baby No. 1769.....	73
Mary Elisabeth Godfrey, Bangor, Me., for Baby No. 1771.....	73

Mrs. Lucretia E. Cochett, Chicago, Ill., for Babies Nos. 1772 and 1773.....	146
Katharine Dickson Darte, Wilkes-barre, Pa., for Baby No. 1774.....	73
Katha-Lou Chapin, Philadelphia, Pa., for Baby No. 1775.....	73
The American Club of Havana, Havana, Cuba, for Baby No. 1776.....	73
Mrs. H. W. Headley, Bradley Beach, N. J., for Baby No. 1777.....	73
Barbara Charnley, Sewickley, Pa., for Baby No. 1778.....	73
Eleanor Holt, Oconto, Wis., for Baby No. 1779.....	73
J. Henry Meyer, San Francisco, Cal., for Baby No. 1780.....	73
Anonymous, New York City, for Babies Nos. 1781 and 1782.....	146
M. Joyce, U. S. S. Baltimore, for Baby No. 1784.....	73
C. S. Pastonius, Colorado Springs, Colo., for Baby No. 1785.....	73
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Annie Palmer Fund, Redwood City, Cal., for Baby No. 1787.....	73
In memory of Walter Craig Kerr, New Brighton, S. I., for Baby No. 1790.....	73
X. Y. Z., New York City, on account of Baby No. 1770.....	10
Miss E. D. Mertz, Miss Jean Bennett, Miss A. H. and Mrs. Bessie E. Harris, Titusville, Pa., on account of Baby No. 1789.....	57

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Already acknowledged.....	\$69.12
Mr. and Mrs. John Briggs, Newton Centre, Mass.....	3.88

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Mr. and Mrs. John Briggs, Newton Centre, Mass.....	\$2.12
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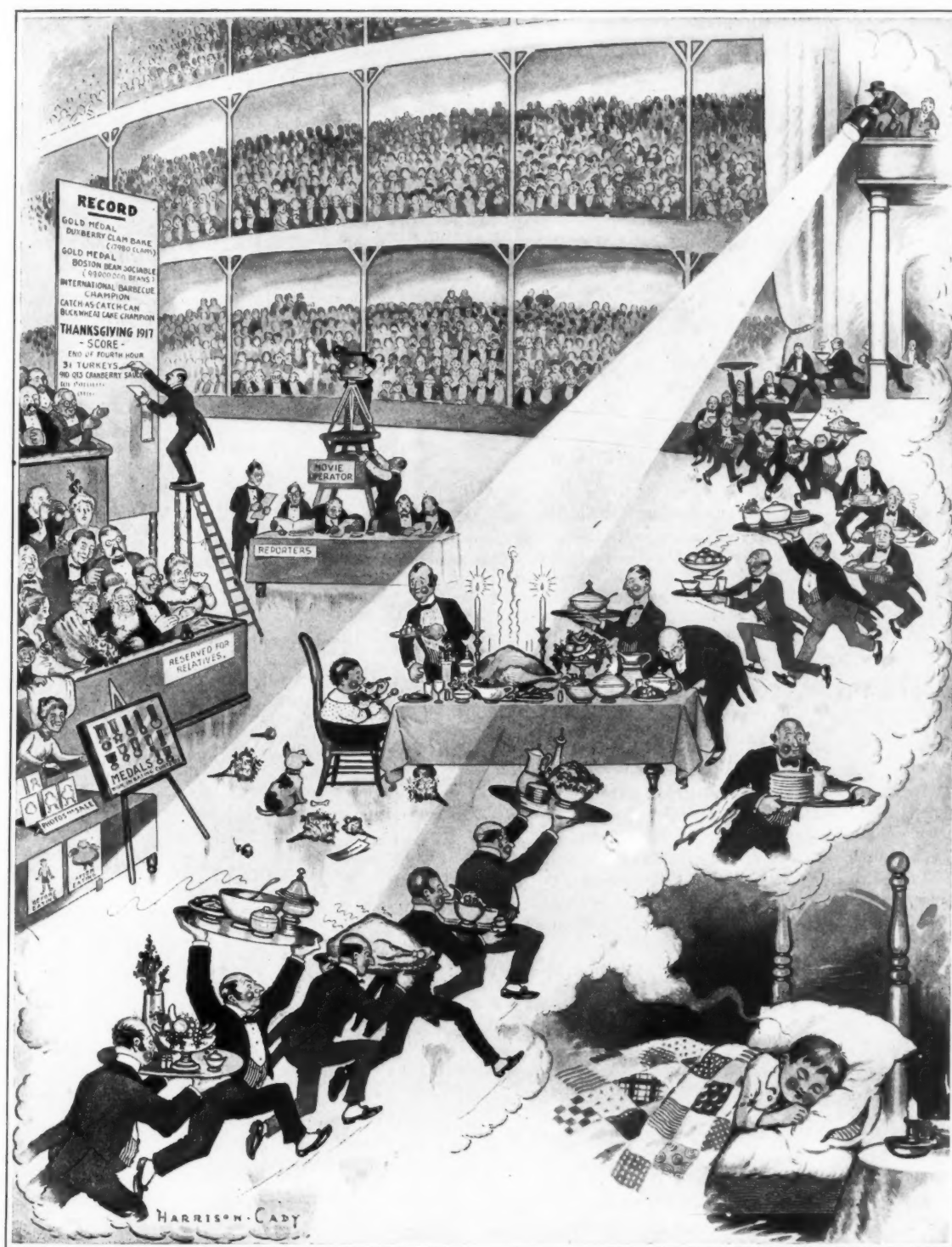
Anonymous, New York City.....	\$2.12
Jeanette J. Christmas, Philadelphia, Pa.....	5
Subscribers to the "Journal Educator," Charleston, W. Va.....	50
C. F. M., New York City.....	10
E. Shallenberger, Elwood, Neb.....	5.88

FOR BABY NUMBER 1788

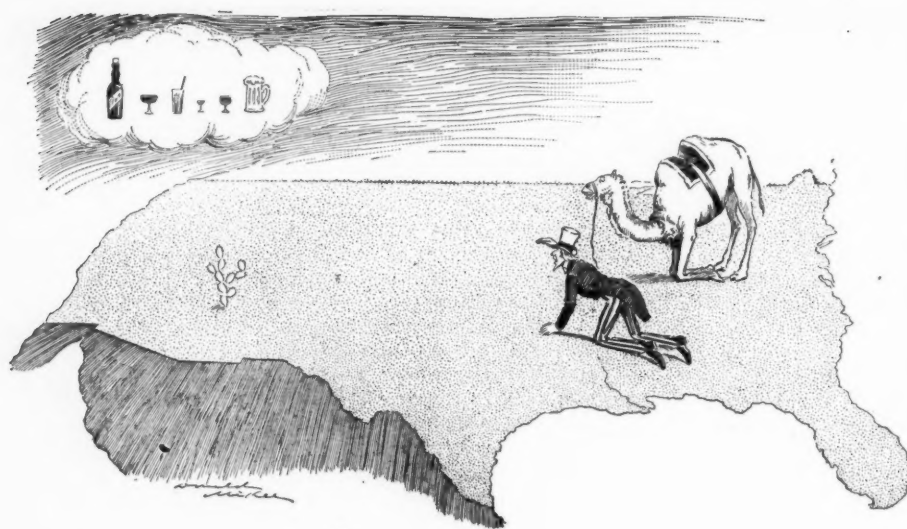
E. Shallenberger, Elwood, Neb.....	\$4.12
Lucy and Frances, Wayne, Pa.....	2.08
J. G., San Diego, Cal.....	2
	\$8.20



RENÉE CHADIN,
BABY 764



HIS THANKSGIVING DREAM
 (CHAMPION EATER OF THE VILLAGE)



DRY

An Ancient Game

A STRIP of painted canvas, when substituted, as it has sometimes been, for a real parapet of stone, has been found not merely to impose on the enemy, but to give a sort of artificial courage to the defenders concealed behind it."

An excerpt from an article on the recently discovered art of camouflage? Not at all! Merely a quotation from Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," Book IV, Chapter 7.

A footnote adds: "More than one example of this *ruse* is mentioned by Mariana in Spanish history, though the precise passages have escaped my memory."

Careful inquiry will probably show that the Chinese invented camouflage in the neighborhood of 9000 B. C.

Concealed Weapons

DID you hear?—the Crosbys were so generous as to give their sedan to the Red Cross. I wonder what was the matter with it."

"My dear, you do knit bee-utifully, but what is it?"

"The Major looks so formidable in his uniform, doesn't he? Too bad the poor man never wore it at home."

"Here comes Miss Veriplain in her red-white-and-blue hat. Who would have thought anything could become her so well!"

"You will go from house to house canvassing for the Liberty Loan, Miss Stout? My dear, you have the right idea."

"You put down twenty quarts of beans? Splendid! Splendid! I do so hope they'll keep for you this time."

"The Red Cross is to be congratulated, my dear, in securing the services of a woman of your years and long experience."

Edmund J. Kiefer.

Modern

CHARLIE is so systematic."

"How now?"

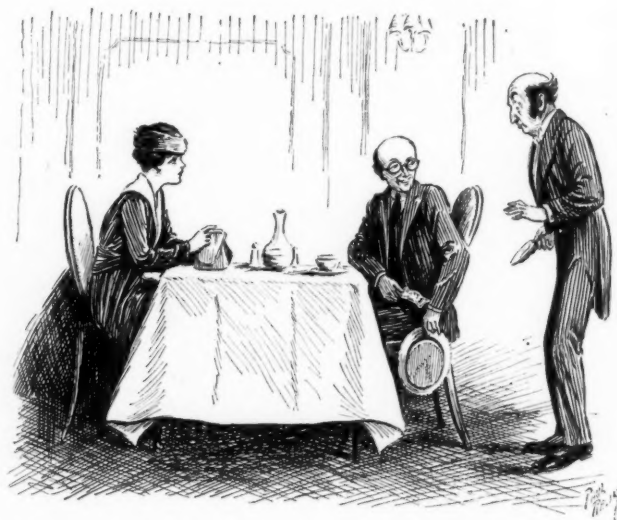
"I asked him in my last letter if he liked my eyes, and now he refers me to his communication of February 24. Says he treated the subject exhaustively in that communication."

The Latest Books

SOME fourteen years ago a German writer named Wilhelm Jensen published a novelette called "Gravida, a Pompeian Fancy"—the story of a young archaeologist whose aversion to feminine society and whose esthetic engrossment with a graceful figure in an old bas-relief gradually unsettled his mind; but who is cured (and his mental aberrations explained) by a romantic encounter with an old sweetheart. It is, on the surface, a fanciful tale; yet there is an uncanny quality to it—an elusive yet constantly recurring conviction that this, but for the grace of God, might be the actual workings of our own dreams and self-deceptions.

THIS novel in an English translation, together with a step-by-step psychoanalysis of its hero's "case" and a most interesting scientifico-literary critique of its author's method, by Sigmund Freud, has just appeared in a volume called "Delusion and Dream" (Moffat, Yard, \$2.00), and the book is commended to any readers who are interested, either on the side of science or of literature, in the new psychology. Nothing would seem more certain than that the next twenty years will see laid the firm foundations of a new literary criticism; not superficially based, as heretofore, on the more

(Continued on page 725)



Patron: YOU'RE CONSERVING FOOD, I JUDGE, BY THE SIZE OF OUR PORTIONS.

Waiter: YES, SIR.

Patron: WELL, HERE'S A DOLLAR, HALF THE AMOUNT OF THE CHECK—I'M CONSERVING MY OWN RESOURCES.

Why Live An Inferior Life?

I know that I can easily, quickly and positively prove to you that you are only half as alive as you must be to realize the joys and benefits of living in full; and that you are only half as well as you should be, half as vigorous as you can be, half as ambitious as you may be, and only half as well developed as you ought to be.

THE fact is that no matter who you are, whether you are young or old, weak or strong, rich or poor, I can prove to you readily by demonstration that you are leading an inferior life, and I want the opportunity to show you the way in which you may completely and easily, without inconvenience or loss of time, come in possession of new life, vigor, energy, development and a higher realization of life and success.

Become Superior to Other Men

The Swoboda System can make a better human being of you physically, mentally and in every way. The Swoboda System can do more for you than you can imagine. It can so vitalize every organ tissue and cell of your body as to make the mere act of living a joy. It can give you an intense, thrilling and pulsating nature. It can increase your very life. I not only promise it, I guarantee it. My guarantee is unusual, startling, specific, positive and absolutely fraud proof.

Why Take Less Than Your Full Share of Life and Pleasure?

Are you living a full and successful life? Why not always be at your best—thoroughly well, virile, energetic? Why not invest in yourself and make

the most of your every opportunity? It is easy when you know how. The Swoboda System points the way. It requires no drugs, no appliances, no dieting, no study; no loss of time, no special bathing; there is nothing to worry you. It gives ideal mental and physical conditions without inconvenience or trouble.

Your Earning Power

your success, depend entirely upon your energy, health, vitality, memory and will power. Without these, all knowledge becomes of small value, for it cannot be put into active use. The Swoboda System can make you tireless, improve your memory, intensify your will power, and make you physically just as you ought to be.

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It explains the SWOBODA SYSTEM OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and the human body as it has never been explained before. It will startle, educate and enlighten you.

My book explains my new theory of the mind and body. It tells, in a highly interesting and simple manner, just what, no doubt, you, as an intelligent being, have always wanted to know about yourself.

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind. It shows how you may be able to obtain a superior life; it explains how you may make use of natural laws to your own advantage.

My book will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course. The information which it imparts cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities for you through conscious evolution of your cells; it explains my discoveries and what they are doing for men and women. Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles which I have discovered and which I disclose with my book. It also explains the dangers and after-effects of exercise and excessively deep breathing.



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Write today for my Free Book and full particulars before it slips your mind.

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2076 Berkeley Building

New York City

CREATOR OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION



Swoboda

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"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I was very skeptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."

"The very first lesson began to work magic. In my gratitude, I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda'."

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts to both body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

"You know more about the human body than any man with whom I have ever come in contact personally or otherwise."

A FEW OF SWOBODA'S PROMINENT PUPILS

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W. R. Hearst
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Woodrow Wilson
Howard Gould
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Maxine Elliott
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New York City

Please send me your free copyrighted book, "Conscious Evolution."

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Address.....

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AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Too Much Argument

On the western plains the sheepman goes out with several thousand head and one human companion. The natural result is that the pair, forced on one another when they least want it, form the habit of hating each other.

An ex-sheepman while in a narrative mood one evening was telling a party of friends of a fellow he once rode with. "Not a word had passed between us for more than a week, and that night when we rolled up in our blankets he suddenly asked:

"Hear that cow beller?"

"Sounds to me like a bull," I replied.

"No answer, but the following morning I noticed him packing up.

"Going to leave?" I questioned.

"Yes," he replied.

"What for?"

"Too much argument."

—Milwaukee Sentinel.



ANOTHER MOTHER'S MOVEMENT

The following sign is nailed to one of the slender posts supporting the porch-roof of a country store in a hamlet of the Far West: "Don't hitch your bronchos to the pillars of this temple. Remember Samson."—Argonaut.

In the Old Days

Lord Northcliffe at a Washington luncheon was talking about the British Premier.

"Mr. Lloyd George is the idol of the nation now," he said. "It is hard to believe how unpopular he was, at least among the Unionists, once. Among the many stories circulated about Mr. Lloyd George's unpopularity at that time there was one which concerned a rescue from drowning. The heroic rescuer, when a gold medal was presented to him for his brave deed, modestly declared:

"I don't deserve this medal. I did nothing but my duty. I saw our friend here struggling in the water. I knew he must drown unless someone saved him. So I plunged in, swam out to him, turned him over to make sure it wasn't Lloyd George, and then lugged him to safety on my back."—Evening Post.

"Where is Cholly?"

"Somewhere in the mountains. He writes of beautiful flora and fauna."

"Eh? In love with two girls at once?"

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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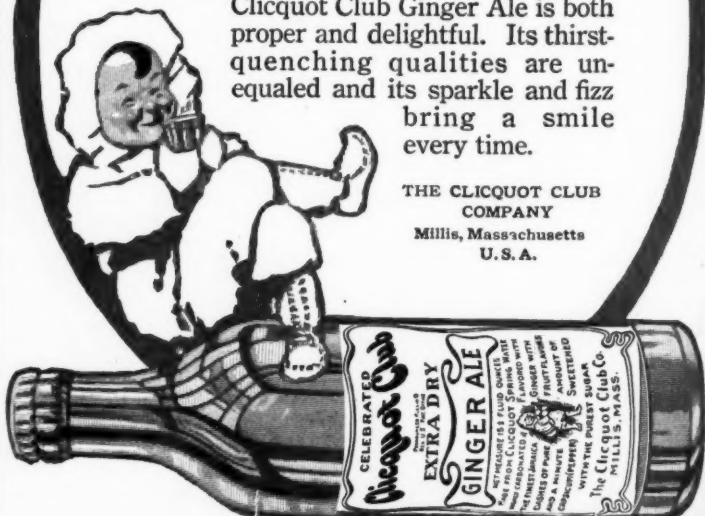
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Among the other makes, The Brunswick plays Pathe Discs.

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Go to any Brunswick dealer and ask him to play your favorite records—what-

ever make. Then hear them elsewhere.

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Not long ago a certain publication had an idea. Its editor made up a list of thirty men and women distinguished in art, religion, literature, commerce, politics, and other lines, and to each he sent a letter or a telegram containing this question: "If you had but forty-eight hours more to live, how would you spend them?" his purpose being to embody the replies in a symposium in a subsequent issue of his periodical.

Among those who received copies of the inquiry was a New York writer. He thought the proposition over for a spell, and then sent back the truthful answer by wire, collect:

"One at a time."

—Saturday Evening Post.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Not Much to Talk About

There was an explosion of one of the big guns on a battleship not long ago. Shortly afterward one of the sailors who was injured was asked by a reporter to give an account of it.

"Well, sir," rejoined the jacky, "it was like this: You see, I was standin' with me back to the gun, a-facin' the port side. All of a sudden I hears a hell of a noise; then, sir, the ship physician, he says, 'Set up an' take this.'"

—Arms and the Man.

A Difficult Job

KNICKER: Has Outlate found a long-felt want?

BOCKER: Yes; he is trying to cross the small hot bird with the homing pigeon.—Chicago Herald.

SHE was a very stout, jolly-looking woman, and she was standing at the corset counter, holding in her hand an article she was returning. Evidently her attention had been suddenly drawn to the legend printed on the label, for she was overheard to murmur, "'Made expressly for John Wanamaker.' Well, there! No wonder they didn't fit me!"—Awegan.

LITTLE BROWN: What do you mean by stealing that dog you sold me?

DOG DEALER: 'E ain't been stole, mister; it's pride wot brought 'im back. 'E thought 'e wur sold too cheap.

—Tit-Bits.

"GEORGE," said Marguerite in the sweet but decided tones she used when she really meant business, "this year you are not going to waste your money and time in choosing expensive but foolish Christmas gifts that no one cares for. To every one you are going to send a year's subscription to LIFE. Every one on your list will bless you fifty-two times next year."

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—BUT NOT SO WELL

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THE MEDICI SOCIETY

Offices: 267 Hancock Street, BOSTON
Salesroom: Pierce Bldg., opp. Public Library

The Latest Books

(Continued from page 720)

or less naïve dogmatizings of individual "tasters," but constructively organized from accumulating investigations into the fundamental needs of the imagination, the true functions of fiction with regard thereto, and the inter-operative psychology of reading on the one hand and of creative writing on the other. "Delusion and Dream" is one of the initial contributions to this accumulation.

IN Cosmo Hamilton's earlier novels—"The Sins of the Children" was the last—a deliberate and calculated play upon the erotic imagination of the reader was masked behind a pretense of problem-mongering. It needed no Freudian psychologist to see the game; but willing victims of it had at least a good excuse to offer to their own "censor." In his new novel, "Scandal" (Little, Brown, \$1.50), Mr. Hamilton discards his sociological cloak—hangs it, so to say, on a hickory limb—and proceeds to keep as persistently near the water of a risqué situation as it is possible to do without getting culpably wet. The result is a matter of taste. But at least the screen has been removed from the door of the bar.

THE number of tortoise-spectacled tenderfeet emigrating (in fiction) to the cattle-ranch country to become first the sport and then the heroes of the native population has greatly diminished of late. It is several years since the last one was heard of. So that "When the Highbrow Joined the Outfit" (Duffield, \$1.25), by Nina Wilcox Putnam and Norman Jacobsen, is almost endowed with the appeal of a voice from the past—almost, but not quite. For while the voice is that of the fictional frontier, the plot is more movie-ish than moving.

"MAN was a splendid creation; he is to-day capable of being a splendid creature." Thus Robert S. Carroll, M.D.,

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proves it. 25c at all druggists.

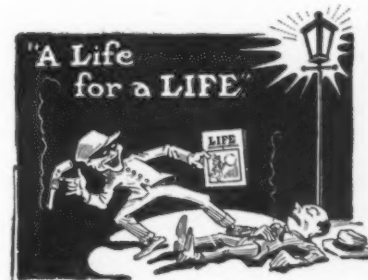
LE PAGE'S
CHINA
CEMENT
STANDS HOT AND COLD WATER 10¢

in beginning his treatise on "The Mastery of Nervousness" (Macmillan, \$2.00). It sounds like a pre-Darwinian condensation of the book of Genesis. But it is really a key to the author's method—that of locally anaesthetizing his patients with platitudes before performing minor operations on their understanding. When he actually gets the knife out, he shows his knowledge of mental anatomy. But his readers are in danger of becoming verbal dope-fiends.

A WHILE ago the vignettéd glimpses of personal field-hospital experience contained in Maud Mortimer's "A Green Tent in Flanders" (Doubleday, Page, \$1.25) would have been at once too fragmentary for our comprehension and too painful for our acceptance. But our education by war literature has been rapid

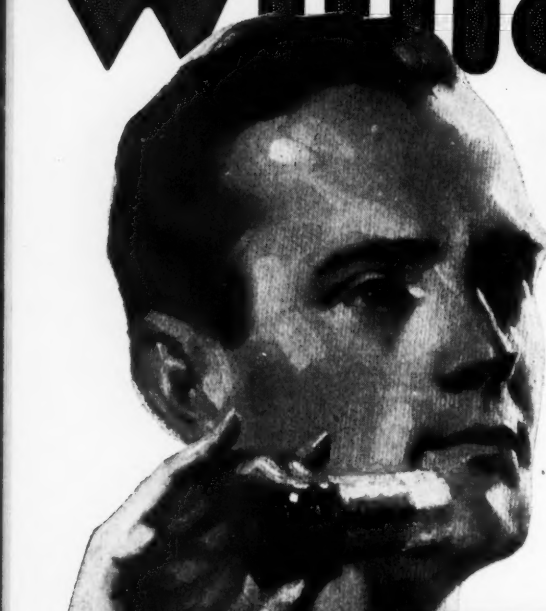
and effective. To-day the common knowledge of background and situation that such a book takes for granted is ours. And we are so far accustomed to the existence of horrors that we are able to differentiate their attributes. Individuality of observation—personality in reaction—has become significant to us. And this book supplies it.

J. B. Kerfoot.



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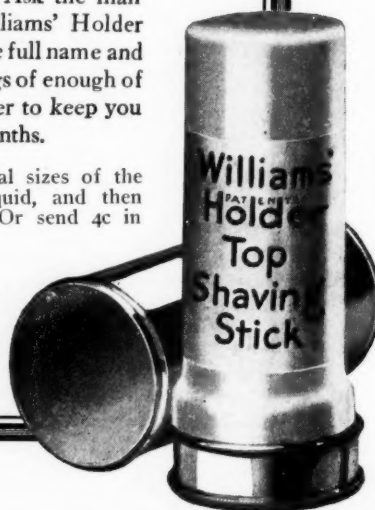


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Send 12c in stamps for trial sizes of the Stick, Powder, Cream, Liquid, and then decide which you prefer. Or send 4c in stamps for any one.

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Add the finishing touch to your shave with Williams' luxurious Talc Powder



Wanted

ALL persons interested in something else besides the war and the high cost of living are requested to correspond immediately with the Something Else Editor of LIFE. It is feared that the erstwhile talkative American citizen, who could chatter with impunity about a thousand things, is rapidly becoming mono-ideistic.

Relief must be given him immediately.

The purpose of the Something Else Club is to furnish that relief by stimulating interest in something else. Anybody that can talk for ten minutes without touching the war or the high cost, etc., is eligible to membership. It is hoped that by spring three or four subjects, well suited to spontaneous confabulation, will have been brought to light and thrown upon the gab market.

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Different from anything YOU ever read!

Would you have paid real money for that BONE DRY OIL WELL stock, if you had read The PINKLED FRINFT? You would NOT! Would your wife have bought all those things she didn't need (just to get the "premiums") if you had read The PINKLED FRINFT to her? No! You'd have THAT MONEY in the BANK! Would your shelves now be burdened with the un-read "Memoirs of Gus de Mis-spent" in ninety-three volumes (a dollar down and dollar a month the rest of your life) had you first read The PINKLED FRINFT? UN-THINKABLE!

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Your soldier friends will enjoy it

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Contentment

LITTLE I ask; my wants are few;
I only ask for peace once more,
With all the Hohenzollern crew
Behind a stout jail door,
And all the German troops disarmed:
At such a pageant I'd be charmed.

Modest am I in my demands:

I want to hear the Huns admit
That they're to blame for ruined lands
And that they started It.
And then I want to see them pay
Until the final Judgment Day.

And I would have them expiate

Their countless foul and bestial acts—
Their murders, coldly planned in hate,
Their lies and broken pacts.

If such a matter I could see,
I'd be content eternally.

K. L. R.

Sure Method

YOUNG AUTHOR: How did you become so successful?

FAMOUS NOVELIST: By writing what I pleased and then tearing it up and writing what the editors wanted.

STALL'S BOOKS

WHAT A YOUNG BOY OUGHT TO KNOW	WHAT A YOUNG MAN OUGHT TO KNOW	WHAT A YOUNG MAN OUGHT TO KNOW	WHAT A YOUNG MAN OUGHT TO KNOW	WHAT A YOUNG MAN OUGHT TO KNOW	WHAT A YOUNG MAN OUGHT TO KNOW	WHAT A YOUNG MAN OUGHT TO KNOW	WHAT A YOUNG MAN OUGHT TO KNOW	WHAT A YOUNG MAN OUGHT TO KNOW
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The war should not be fought with vengeance. I could aim my gun to kill in the fight, and sing a hymn while doing so. I could immediately kneel and with all the tenderness at my command relieve the suffering of the man I had wounded.—Rev. William M. Gilbert of Boston.

I DO not wish to hurt you,
But (Bang!) I feel I must;
It is a Christian virtue
To lay you in the dust.

You—(Zip! That bullet got you!)
You're really better dead.
(I'm sorry that I shot you—
Pray, let me hold your head.)

But do not think I hate you
(Crack! Bang!) because I kill;
Though (Biff!) I lacerate you
I bear you no ill-will.

If (Kick! Kick! Kick!) I choke you,
A bandage I will roll;
And, trusting this will croak you,
I'll pray for (Boom!) your soul.
K. B. Lewis.

Recommendation

MY husband takes some of your magazine regularly.

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The boy you know "over there" will welcome a Havone Cigarette Case to keep his precious smokes safe and unbroken.


There are no "casualties" among cigarettes carried in the HAVONE—every one standing at attention in its own separate compartment, and ready for action.

The cigarettes are held so lightly that one may be taken with the lips if his hands are soiled. Havone Cigarette Cases are made in heavy Silver-plate, in Solid Sterling and 14K Gold. The silver-plated cases at \$5 are especially popular. If your dealer hasn't stocked up on the HAVONE, send us \$5 and we will mail you one direct—either plain finished, or with monogram spot, or one of the all-over patterns. At any rate send us your name on a postcard for one of our illustrated catalogues.

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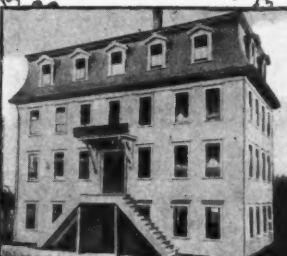
For sale by over 9000 shoe dealers and 105 W. L. Douglas stores in the large cities. If not convenient to call at W. L. Douglas store, ask your local dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you, take no other make. Write for booklet, showing how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

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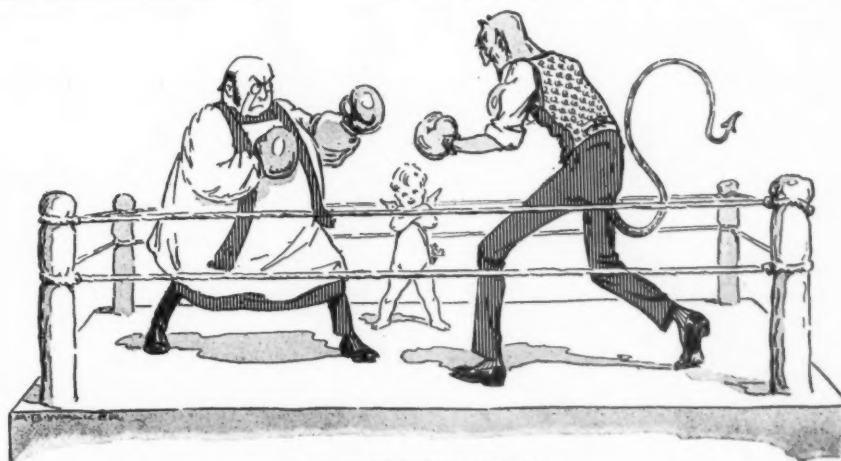


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Delicious
steak
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Yes Sir

Cooking
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**LUCKY
STRIKE**

The
real Burley
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It's
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Guaranteed by
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The Price of a Hat

SCENE: In front of a milliner's establishment. They pause for a moment before entering, while he hangs back.

HE: I will take your word for it.

SHE: No, you won't, dear. You must keep your word.

HE (looking through the half-open door): There isn't a man in the place.

SHE: That doesn't matter. It just happens that way. I know plenty of men who select hats for—

HE: Not their wives.

SHE: Well, never mind. You have always complained about the price of my hats, and I want to convince you that I simply cannot get them any cheaper.

(They enter. Madame Flossé comes forward): Ah!

SHE: This is my husband. We are here by appointment.

HE (looking fearfully around at the bristling array of aigrettes and other startling plumage, smiling): My wife thinks I know something about hats.

MADAME: Ah! Monsieur, I have no doubt. You would be amazed at the taste which gentlemen display. They know (with a shrug of her shoulders) so much!

(She places a hat on the lady's head.) There!

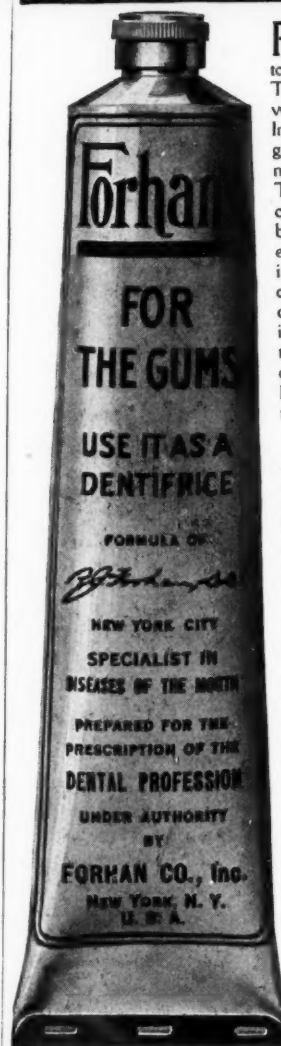
HE: How much is it?

SHE (nudging him as she looks at him furiously, in a half whisper): Wait! (To Madame.) Oh, that would never do at all!

MADAME (to him): Twenty-five dollars.

HE (recalling rapidly to mind that

Inflamed gums—a cause of loose teeth



PYORRHEA is undoubtedly a vital danger to both gums and teeth. Tender gums indicate it, and with it come loosening teeth. Imperceptibly at first, the gums recede from the normal gum line. They inflame. They present many tiny openings for millions of bacteria to attack the un-enameled tooth base, sink into the system and cause organic disease. Tooth-base decay quickly follows. Even if the cavity be filled and the tooth saved, the gums continue to recede. And the lips flatten in exact proportion.

Against this Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease) ordinary tooth-pastes are powerless. Yet Pyorrhea attacks four out of five people who are over forty and many under this age. But Forhan's—if used in time and used consistently—is a proven and certain preventative of Pyorrhea. It is a scientific tooth polisher as well. Just try it at tooth brush time. See how promptly any bleeding or gum tenderness ceases. Notice the increased hardness of your gums.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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Two years ago I was an old man afflicted with piles, dyspepsia, insomnia, catarrh and general lassitude; to-day I am 67 years young. My afflictions and "oldness" are absolutely gone. My rejuvenation convinces me that I have discovered the most simple and efficacious health restorer known to man. Nothing like it ever before published.

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My wonderful health discovery has given me the Vital Force, the Appetite, the Digestion, the Sleep, the abundant energy of an acrobat. The medical examiner of one of America's largest insurance companies says I am "as good a risk as a man of 35."

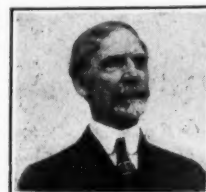
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Military

requirements are rigid;—
faithful service the key note.

That is why Fownes Cape gloves are being worn by officers of the Allied Armies and Navies. Genuine Cape skin resists hard wear; it is smart, manly, comfortable.

Fownes Capes are washable, —a worth-while quality everywhere—Army, Navy or Civil life. If it's a

FOWNES

that's all you need
to know about a GLOVE.

her last hat was sixty dollars): Do you know, I rather like that.

SHE: Nonsense! (Tossing the hat aside.) Let me see that one.

(Mme. Flossé arranges it skillfully upon her head.)

He (stepping backwards and looking at Madame meaningly, in a whisper): How much?

MADAME (whispering back confidentially): Sixty dollars.

SHE (critically gazing at herself in the glass): Well, perhaps the lines are better, but—

He: Take the first one. (Looking at his watch.) You know, I have got to go. I have a very important business engagement.

SHE (ignoring him as she passes back and forth in front of the glass): I might try this out.

MADAME (bringing another hat): Here is something which is more simple. It came on the steamer yesterday. You know, that is rather smart—

SHE (putting down the second and taking up the third, while she puts it

on with her own hands): Yes, that isn't so bad. It's really quite nice!

He (side-stepping to the Madame, whispers): How much?

MADAME (admirably catching his spirit, in the same tone): Eighty-five dollars.

He (coming forward): Nothing doing! You take my advice and get the first hat. It's a peach!

SHE (reluctantly): Do you think so?

He: What did you bring me here for, anyway? Madame has just said that men know more about hats than anyone. You are not wearing it for anybody else but me, are you? (Consulting his watch.) I am sorry, my dear, but I am in a terrible rush. You take the first hat; it is all right. (To Madame.) You admit, Madame, that it is the best-looking hat, don't you?

MADAME: Certainly.

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HE (to his wife): What did I tell you? You have got an idea that because a hat is very expensive it is bound to look well, and it has always been my contention that the cheapest hat may be the best one. There you are; three hats, one eighty-five dollars, one sixty dollars and one twenty-five dollars. No comparison. This first hat at twenty-five dollars lays way over the others, doesn't it, Madame?

MADAME: How can I dispute you, sir? It suits her perfectly.

SHE (smiling at her husband): So, dear, if this is your judgment, very well. You insist that the first hat is the best-looking?

HE: Haven't I said so?

SHE: Very well, Madame, you may send it.

(He almost drags her out of the store. They walk for a few moments in silence.)

HE (turning suddenly): Here you have been spending twice as much for your hats all these years, just because



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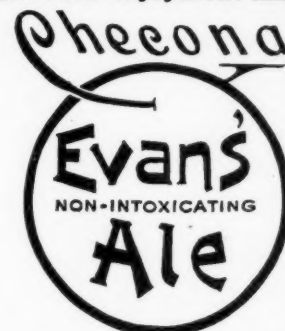
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HE (suspecting something wrong): Why, sure. What do you mean?

SHE: Well, you know it was only a joke, but I told Madame to change the prices. The eighty-five-dollar hat was really the twenty-five-dollar one and the twenty-five-dollar one was the eighty-five-dollar one.

HE: The devil!

SHE (calmly): But you cannot go back on it now, because you yourself have admitted that the one we selected was the best.

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